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DARKBLADE
ALL ULTHUAN SHALL TREMBLE...

CONTENTS

DARKBLADE NEW STORY! Darkblade has returned! At the head of a great army, and under a banner of blood, he rides forth into the lands of Ulthuan. He brings war, but will fate bring victory?

Script: Dan Abnett Art Kev Hopgood www.blacklibrary.com/darkblade

LAST STAND ON YAYOR The planet Yayor lies in ruins before Warmaster Abaddon's invasion The forces of Chaos look towards victory But then the Doom Eagles arrive...

Script Gordon Rennie Art. Karl Richardson

BRISTOL 2003 The comic convention in Bristol was graced by the great and good of the industry. And naturally, the Black Library was there to schmooze and mingle with the stars Here is our full report from our men in the field, Christian and Matt.

OF ANCIENT BLOOD NEW STORY! In a small village in Sylvania the blood tithe has to be paid, or doom will come But who is the mysterious woman living in the inn?

Script Mitchell Scanlan Art Jon Haward Letters Fiona Stephenson

DEATHWATCH The plot thickens as the full scale of the insurrection becomes evident, the genestealer brood is waiting to pounce But an answer may be presenting itself to the intrepid Deathwatch ..

Script: Jim Alexander • Pencils Lee Townsend Ink. Graham Stoddart Letters. Fiona Stephenson

I HAD A holiday a week ago. I felt that after spending ten months slaving in the Black Library sweat pits, helping to produce brilliant magazines and books for all you out there, I deserved (needed) a break. But it didn't really work out like that. I spent the majority of the time attempting to answer some rather interesting questions. What do Imperial Guardsman read? How do Gaunt's Ghosts know how to strip a lasgun, or spot the signs of heresy? How do the 1g'ers find out how to set up a frag grenade as a booby trap?

The answer I came up with was they are all issued with a copy of the Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, the bible for all of the Emperor's brave soldiers. Much like the copy of Warhammer Monthly that you hold in your hands, it is a vital source of information and knowledge for all those trying to survive in the grim darkness of the 41st millennium. I have managed to secure a copy of this wholly enlightening handbook. Now, what are you going to give me for a peek? MR

Warhammer Monthly publishes issue 72.

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Darkblade
Book IV: Banner of Blood
Script:
Dan Abnett
Art:
Kev Hopgood
WAR HAS COME TO ULTHUAN, FABLED HOMELAND OF THE FAIR ELVES
BLACK GALLEYS HAVE STORMED THE OCEANS FROM THE BLIGHTED LAND OF NAGGAROTH AND SPILLED FORTH THE INVADING HOSTS OF THE DRUCHII.
ALREADY, THE WITCH KING HIMSELF DRIVES HIS ARMIES AT THE DRAGON GATE. HERE, IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CHRACE, THE SECOND PRONG OF THE INVASION GOUGES IN.
AT ITS HEAD RIDES MALEKITH'S NEWLY APPOINTED LORD GENERAL THE DRACHAU OF HAG GRAEF.

MALUS DARKBLADE
MY LORD?
DOLTHAIC, OLD COMRADE?
YOUR REGIMENTS ARE IN PLACE, LORD. WE HAVE VOICED THE BATTLE PLEDGE AND MADE OFFERING TO THE BLOODY-HANDED GOD THAT HE MIGHT GRANT US VICTORY.
OFFERING, DOLTHAIC? A FEW BLED GOATS AND SOME FLASKS OF WINE? I WONDER WHAT KHAINE THINKS OF OUR MEAGRE SUPPLICATIONS..
...WHEN WE ASK SO MUCH OF HIM?

INDEED, LORD BUT WE STAND READY WILL YOU NOT GIVE THE WORD?
PATIENCE, DOLTHAIG.
AH, HERE'S THE LAD NOW
GREAT LORD! THE LADY ELDIRE SENDS YOU HUMBLE GREETINGS!
GET UP, KORBUS.
TELL ME WHAT ELSE SHE SENDS ME.
HER DIVINATION IS COMPLETE. SHE HAS CONSULTED THE STARS AND THE TIDES, THE ENTRAILS OF BEASTS AND THE WHISPERS OF THE SPIRITS.
IT AUGURS WELL, GREAT LORD. HER MESSAGE IS.. BEGIN YOUR WORK.
DRUCHII! HEAR MY VOICE! LET YOUR BLADES BE KEEN! LET YOUR HEARTS BE IRON AND YOUR THEWS STEEL!
LET YOUR GRIM VISORS BE THE LAST THING THAT THE SCUM OF ULTHUAN SEE IN THIS LIFE!
IN THE NAME OF NAGGAROTH AND THE WITCH-KING ...CHARGE!

AND THEY CHARGE THE EARTH QUAKES THE MOUNTAINS OF CHRACE ECHO WITH THE CLASH OF WAR.
THE KNIGHTS OF HAG GRAEF, ASTRIDE THEIR FEROCIOUS COLD ONES, FOLLOW THEIR DRACHAU INTO THE GATES OF HELL.
AT DARKBLADE'S LEFT FLANK, THE CHARIOTS POWER FOWARD.
THE VOICE OF THEIR COMMANDER, THE GREAT SILAR THORNBLOOD BOOMS ABOVE THE DIN OF BATTLE!
SEND THEM TO THEIR GRAVES MY DRUCHII! SEND THEM TO THEIR GRAVES!
AT HIS RIGHT, EXECUTIONERS FROM HAR GANETH, COMMANDED BY THE NOBLE SARKOL NARZA.
THEIR GOLD WARGEAR GLITTERS AS BRIGHTLY AS THEIR TERRIBLE, SCYTHING BLADES.

BEHIND THEM COMES THE SLAVE-INFANTRY OF HAGGOR, DRIVEN BY THE LASHES OF KUNOR KUNOLL'S SON
ALL SONS OF THE BLACK ARK SERVE THE HAG NOW, WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT
FROM ABOVE STRIKE THE BLACK DRAGONS, GOADED INTO FURY BY THE BEASTMASTERS OF KAROND KAR
THE PALACES OF ULTHUAN WILL LAMENT THIS NIGHT
THEY ARE BREAKING! THEY ARE BREAKING!
DRIVE THEM BACK TO THEIR DOOM!

THEY HAVE FLED, LORD, UP INTO THE PASS
THE FIELD IS OURS!
AYE, SILAR! THE FIELD IS OURS, AND THE DAY TOO!

BUT WE MUST NOT REST YET..
..WE MUST PURSUE THEM INTO THE ANNULI PASS.

THEY WILL BE WAITING FOR US, MALUS.
THE PASS IS NARROW, AND EASY TO DEFEND.

I EXPECT AS MUCH. BUT I HAVE A SCHEME. YOU WILL SEND KUNOR TO ME, AND NARZA TOO.
BUT FIRST, A DUTY LONG OVERDUE WARRIOR! GIVE ME YOUR KHEITAIN!

FIRST BLOOD, SILAR. THE BLOOD OF ULTHUAN
LET EVERY MAN SOAK HIS STANDARD OR BANNER IN IT..

...LET THIS BE OUR OFFERING TO KHAINE! WE WILL WEAR THE COLOUR HE HAS ALLOWED US TO SPILL AS OUR TRIBUTE TO HIS MIGHT!
AND ALL WHO FOLLOW MALUS DARKBLADE MUST DO SO NOW UNDER A BANNER OF BLOOD!
Part 1
ASSAULT on Annuli

YOU CANNOT DO THIS. IT IS NOT FAIR. IT IS NOT JUST. IT IS NOT THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR WHO WATCHES OVER AND PROTECTS US ALL.
YOU CANNOT DESTROY OUR WORLD. I WILL NOT PERMIT IT.
TAKE CARE, CONFESSOR.
IT IS NOT WISE TO SPEAK TO ANY OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES IN SUCH A WAY
WHAT YOU 'PERMIT' IS OF NO RELEVANCE NOW PRIEST
AND DO NOT PRESUME TO SPEAK OF THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR TO THOSE WHO WERE CREATED FROM HIS VERY FLESH AND BLOOD
THIS CONFLICT IS FAR LARGER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE. FAR LARGER THAN ANY OF US HAS EVER SEEN
THE EYE OF TERROR BLINKS OPEN. WE FACE A BLACK CRUSADE AND THERE IS NO TIME FOR TALK OF FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE
LAST STAND ON YAYOR
PART THREE
EYE OF TERROR
STORY - GORDON RENNIE ART KARL RICHARDSON

IF CADIA FALLS, THERE WILL BE NONE TO STOP THE EYE FROM *OPENING FULLY* AND DISGORGING THE HORRORS STILL HELD WITHIN IT OUT INTO THE GALAXY BEYOND
IF THAT HAPPENS WE FACE NOT DEFEAT OR ENSLAVEMENT WE FACE *EXTINCTION*
CONFESSOR POLTOVA, CAPTAIN COMNENUS YOU ARE NEEDED ON THE MAIN WALL!
THE ENEMY ARE PREPARING TO ATTACK AGAIN!?
NO, FATHER
THEY'RE *CHANTING!*
THAT *NOISE* THEY'VE BEEN MAKING IT FOR HOURS NOW WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
WARP-MAGIC YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THE *FOULNESS* OF IT IN THE AIR AROUND US...

WE MUST REMAIN ALERT. IF THEY'RE USING CHAOS SORCERY THE NEXT ATTACK COULD COME IN ANY FORM.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS ONE?
SICK. DYING. I THINK WE PUSHED THEM TOO HARD, DRIVING THEM DOWN THE TRAIL FROM VALLEY FORGE
OVER TWO HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE AND THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.
ORDERS FROM THE SPACE MARINE LORD THESE ONES THAT ARE LEFT HAVE TO BE SHOT
AFTER THAT THEY WANT THE CARCASSES BURNED MAYBE THEY THINK WE WON'T HOLD OUT HERE LONG ENOUGH TO NEED THE MEAT FOR-
RRIIIP

SPLATCH!
SHUNK
I HEAR GUNFIRE! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE ENEMY IS INSIDE THE WALLS. WE HAVE LOST CONTACT WITH THE SQUADS AT THE WEST AND SOUTHERN GATES.

THAT SOUND--!
YOU ARE NO STRANGER TO A BATTLEFIELD, PREACHER. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SOUND IS, JUST AS MUCH AS I DO
IT IS A *VICTORY ROAR*. THE ENEMY ALREADY BELIEVES THE BATTLE IS THEIRS
AND IS IT?
NOT WHILE I OR ONE OF MY BROTHERS REMAINS ALIVE TO DISPUTE THAT CLAIM.
TO [illegible] PREACHER.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE MATTER WILL BE SETTLED SOON ENOUGH.
TO BE CONCLUDED

Of Ancient Blood

The Tithe of Tears

SHE FOUND HERSELF GROWN **ACCUSTOMED** TO THE NIGHT

IT HAD NOT **ALWAYS** BEEN SO. BUT IN THE YEARS SINCE THEIR MARRIAGE KATARINA HAD LIVED LARGELY BY HER **HUSBAND'S** RHYTHMS

ADOPTING BY **FREE CHOICE** THOSE SAME ROUTINES FORCED ON HIM BY THE RISING OF THE **SUN**

NOW, THOUGH THE DAYS WERE HER **OWN**, SHE FOUND SHE COULD TAKE NO **PLEASURE** IN THEIR WARMTH

EPOCHRYPHA

STORY: MITCHEL SCANLON • ART: JON HAWARD • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

I saw it then, an endless valley
stretched
As far as eye can see, and, through
it rushed
A torrent of black and bitter waters.

Said She: this is Grief's
abysmal chasm,
Carved, age after age, through
mournful clay
By ten thousand times ten
thousand tears

-NOT WHEN NEARLY A **WEEK** HAD PASSED WITH NO NEWS OF HER HUSBAND'S **FATE**

THAP

HELMAR HAD LEFT SO **ABRUPTLY** ABANDONING HER WITH LITTLE BY WAY OF EXPLANATION TO THE **LONELY** COMFORTS OF A RURAL SYLVANIAN INN

AND, THOUGH SHE TOLD HERSELF SHE TRUSTED HIM TO HIS WORD TO RETURN, WITH EACH **PASSING** DAY KATARINA FELT EVER MORE FIRMLY IN THE THRALL OF A GROWING **DISMAY**

A SENTIMENT IN NO WAY **EASED** BY HER SURROUNDINGS

FOR THOUGH THE INN'S FEW STAFF AND FELLOW PATRONS SEEMED POLITE ENOUGH, THERE WAS A **STRAINED** QUALITY TO THEIR DEALINGS WITH HER

AN ALL BUT PALPABLE **TENSION** BENEATH THEIR SMILES.

IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY FEARED HER...
YOU SEEMED TROUBLED, MISTRESS IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
ALL EXCEPT THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, LOTTE
IT IS NOTHING, CHILD A SHADE TOO MUCH SUN, PERHAPS
SEEING IN KATARINA'S WORLDLY WAYS A REFLECTION OF ALL SHE LONGED ONE DAY TO BE, LOTTE IDOLISED HER, CONSTANTLY OFFERING TO RUN ERRANDS AND MESSAGES-
EVEN GOING SO FAR AS TO FETCH HER A PITCHER OF FRESH GOAT'S MILK FROM THE VILLAGE EVERY MORNING
YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL, MISTRESS FAIREST SKIN BURNS BRIGHTEST', THEY SAY AND YOURS IS SO LOVELY.
ARE YOU SURE I CAN'T GET YOU ANYTHING?
THANK YOU, LOTTE, BUT I WOULD NOT WANT YOU NEGLECTING YOUR CHORES ON MY ACCOUNT.
AND, IN RETURN, ALL LOTTE ASKED WAS TO HEAR TALES OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE HER VILLAGE.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISTRESS. PAPA SAYS WE SHOULD ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO OUR GUESTS
A WORLD, TO HER IMAGININGS, OF HANDSOME PRINCES AND HAPPILY EVER AFTERS. A WORLD WITHOUT DISHARMONY, DISCORD OR STRIFE.
AND YOU'RE THE MOST INTERESTING GUEST WE'VE HAD IN AGES...
A FAIRY TALE WORLD WHOSE MORE TROUBLING REALITY KATARINA KNEW ALL TOO WELL.

THE NEXT MORNING KATARINA AROSE TO FIND THE MILK PITCHER ON HER DOORSTEP EMPTY.
CURIOUS AS TO THIS SUDDEN LAPSE IN LOTTE'S ATTENTIONS, SHE MADE HER WAY DOWNSTAIRS, ONLY TO FIND HERSELF DIVERTED BY THE SOUND OF A SOFT, YET PIERCING REFRAIN
—A BITTER MELODY OF TEARS.
...NOT OUR LOTTE... SHE IS SO YOUNG... WHY MUST SHE BE THE ONE...
I KNOW, WIFE. I KNOW. BUT WE ALWAYS KNEW THIS DAY MIGHT COME...
INNKEEPER?
OH. I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE, MISTRESS. WAS THERE SOME...
ACH, I SEE LOTTE FORGOT TO GET YOU YOUR GOAT'S MILK. THAT GIRL, SHE'D FORGET HER HEA--
KRRRSHHH!!!
NO!
I WON'T HAVE IT! NOT WHEN OUR LITTLE GIRL GOES TO PAY THE TITHE OF TEARS TONIGHT!
I WON'T HAVE LOTTE'S LAST HOURS SPENT FETCHING AND CARRYING AFTER THIS HAUGHTY B--
HUSH, WIFE. THIS IS NOT A THING FOR STRANGERS.
I... DON'T UNDERSTAND--
DON'T YOU! WE HAVE SEEN YOUR MAN. OH, HE MAY HIDE HIS FANGS, BUT WE KNOW HIS KIND OF OLD. WE KNOW THE FACES OF OUR MASTERS!
IT IS A THING FROM THE TIME OF OUR GRANDFATHERS, MISTRESS.
A THING FROM THE OLD DAYS...

' IN AGES PAST, LOTS WOULD BE DRAWN FROM AMONG THE OLD AND INFIRM WITH EVERY MANNSLIEB MOON. A TITHE PAID IN BLOOD - AYE, AND IN TEARS - TO APPEASE OUR MASTERS.
' THEN, WHEN THE MASTERS RETREATED TO THE SHADOWS, WE THOUGHT SUCH DAYS WERE DONE.
' UNTIL, ONE CAME AMONG US ONCE MORE AND SAID HE WOULD SEE THE TITHE RESTORED, NOT WITH THE BLOOD OF THE OLD, THOUGH.
NO. FOR HIM ONLY THE BLOOD OF THE YOUNG WILL DO.
' THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE, MISTRESS LOTTE GOES TO PAY THE TITHE TONIGHT.
' THIS IS SYLVANIA.
' IT IS SIMPLY THE WAY OF THINGS HERE.
NO. NOT TWO. TWO IS WRONG!
TWO IS NOT ONE! TITHE IS ALWAYS ONE. ONE LITTLE GIRL!
YOU! WOMAN! YOU GO HOME!
I GO WHERE I PLEASE. DREG. AND IF YOU WOULD TAKE THIS CHILD TO YOUR MASTER THEN I GO WITH HER.

HMPH. HAVE IT YOUR WAY WOMAN COME THEN.
THE MASTER FEEDS WELL TONIGHT I AM THINKING.
HAND IN HAND, THEY FOLLOWED..
FOLLOWED THROUGH PATHS STREWN WITH THE DISCARD OF GRIEVING GENERATIONS PAST.
FOLLOWED TO A CLEARING DEEP WITHIN THE FOREST
AND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE MASTER OF MORE RECENT SORROWS.
MY IT WOULD SEEM WE HAVE BEEN HONOURED WITH TWICE THE ASKED-FOR TRIBUTE
SHE IS THE GIRL'S MOTHER, I AM THINKING.
AND TO THINK I WAS CONCERNED THE HERD HEREABOUTS MIGHT BE GRUDGING IN THEIR AFFECTIONS.
IT WAS THE WOMAN MASTER. SHE MADE ME BRING HER
THEN YOU HAVE BEEN TOO LONG IN THESE DISMAL HINTERLANDS, LOYAL DARKO
ONE NEED ONLY GLANCE AT THE FLAWLESS LUSTRE OF HER SKIN TO SEE THIS IS NO BROAD-HIPPED PEASANT WENCH THIS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BEAST-
A LADY OF QUALITY.
TELL ME MY DEAR, CAN LIFE REALLY HAVE GROWN SO VERY DULL AS TO BRING YOU RUNNING TO DEATH?
OR, DID YOU NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE CALLED TO MY TABLE?
NEITHER, VAMPIRE.

I CAME TO ENSURE THIS CHILD COMES TO NO HARM.
AND TO TELL YOU YOU WILL LEAVE THIS PLACE TONIGHT.
AND WHYEVER SHOULD I DO SO FOOLISH A THING, BEAUTY?
IS THERE MORE THAN HOT BLOOD AND SOFT FLESH HIDDEN WITHIN THE FABRIC OF YOUR GARMENTS? A STAKE, PERHAPS? SOME HOLY SIGN?
TELL ME BEAUTY HAVE YOU COME ARMED TO YOUR MASTER'S TABLE?
I BRING ONLY MY HUSBAND'S NAME.
OH? AND WHO IS THIS HUSBAND - THIS TERROR - WHOSE MEREST MENTION YOU THINK WILL SEND ME SCURRYING INTO THE NIGHT LIKE SOME SCALDED DOG?
HELMAR.
HELMAR VON CARSTEIN.
LEAVE ME.
AND TAKE THE GIRL WITH YOU.
YOU UNDERSTAND MY TERMS YOU WILL LEAVE HERE TONIGHT AND NEVER RETURN TO TROUBLE THESE PEOPLE AGAIN
YES, DAMN YOU, I UNDERSTAND-
-NOW GO!

FORGIVE ME, MASTER! I THOUGHT SHE WOULD PLEASE YOU...
YOU KNOW I LIVE ONLY TO SERVE--
YES, DARKO...
YEARRGHHH!!
YOU DO-
-DON'T YOU...
THE END

HE IS VENTERS OF THE DEATHWATCH SPACE MARINES
WHEREVER HE GOES THE SPIRIT OF HIS SALAMANDER HOMEWORLD GOES WITH HIM FOR THERE IS NO GREATER HONOUR THAN TO BE A MEMBER OF DEATHWATCH
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...
YOU ARE EVERYTHING I HAVE SWORN TO DESTROY
THE CREATURE'S BREATHING IS LAGOURED IN THE GRIP OF SOME SICKNESS
STILL, IT COULD CUT THROUGH HIM IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE
THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
SCULLION IS DEAD HAVING TAKEN THE BLAST FULL ON
STILL HE HAD MANY OF THE GOVERNOR'S MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS FOR COMPANY
BUT PRAISE THE EMPEROR'S THRONE-
uuhh
GOVERNOR ORAUER IS ALIVE!
DEATHWATCH
STORY: JIM ALEXANDER • PENCILS: GRAHAM STODDART
INKS: LEE TOWNSEND • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

GOVERNOR - TRAITORS IN YOUR WAR COUNCIL DID THIS! KILLED ONE OF MY MEN!
DOES IT END HERE AND NOW? SHOULD I GUT A WORTHLESS IMBECILE SUCH AS YOU?!
AAAA!
YOU GO TOO FAR!
IS THAT WHY YOU ARE HERE TO KILL US ALL?
ENOUGH! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT.
IF YOU'D ALLOW ME...
LET HIM OPEN HIS SEAL, BATTLE BROTHER.
THE TECH PRIEST PAVANE IS IN HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE DUOMO, I DO NOT KNOW WHERE. THIS IS HIS CODEX.
I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE IT CONTAINS HIS PRESENT LOCATION SO FAR, MY MEN HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO DECRYPT IT.
THANK YOU, GOVERNOR.

FORCES STILL LOYAL TO THE IMPERIUM ARE CALLED BACK TO REGROUP BUT NOT BEFORE A PURGE ON THE GOVERNOR'S MARSHALS AND IMPERIAL GUARD WHO HAD SPENT ANY TIME IN THE CULT OCCUPIED SECTORS
THAT AND THE REMOVAL OF WHAT REMAINS OF A DISCREDITED WAR COUNCIL
NOW DEATHWATCH HAS ASSUMED CONTROL THE SECTOR HAS BEEN SEALED OFF A BULWARK IS ESTABLISHED
IT IS THE IMPERIUM'S LAST STAND
NUH...
SWARRR!

I WILL SEE THE PRISONER
AH, CAPTURED DURING THE LATEST CULTIST ADVANCE. YOU KNOW OF THE FAILED ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON THE GOVERNOR?
I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING
NOT THAT IT MATTERS... I KNOW EVERYTHING
"THE FIRST SCOUT-DRONE ARRIVED ON ONE OF FAVA'S MOONS 70 YEARS AGO. ITS ENHANCED PSYCHIC POWERS ACTED LIKE A BEACON, PLACING UNWITTING HUMANS IN ITS THRALL.
"THUS BEGAN THE PATRIARCH'S LEGACY PHYSICALLY INFECTING ITS HUMAN FOLLOWERS WITH ITS GENETIC SEED. MAN AND WOMAN SO TAINTED, THEIR UNION WOULD GIVE BIRTH TO HYBRID MONSTROSITIES."
gggaaa
"OFFSPRING THAT BECAME MORE HUMAN IN APPEARANCE THROUGH THE GENERATIONS... AT LEAST TO THE UNTRAINED EYE WITH PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS APPEARING AGAIN AT THE END OF THE CYCLE...
THE DRONE WAS THE FIRST GENESTEALER. THE PATRIARCH PRIMOGENITOR OF THE CULT.
...SIGNALLING THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER. THIS IS HOW THE CONTAGION SPREADS - ITS GENETIC AND HYPNOTIC TIES.
AS FOR YOURSELF - WHERE YOU FIT INTO THE BROOD INTELLIGENCE. YOU ARE AN ACOLYTE. A PUPPET ENSLAVED TO THE GODHEAD.

DECADES AGO, THE PATRIARCH ESTABLISHES ITS VIPER'S NEST
YEARS OF CONNIVING AND PLOTTING FOLLOW, AS THE CULT INFILTRATES EVERY LEVEL OF SOCIETY UNTIL THE DAY
FULL PLANETARY INSURRECTION
AS THE FIGHTING SPREADS, ALL PARTS OF THE BROOD MIND WILL INSTINCTIVELY COME TOGETHER TO SEND A PSYCHIC CALL - A KEENING CALL
A CALL WHICH EVENTUALLY IS ANSWERED
KREEEEEEEEE!

" ARRIVING FROM DEEP SPACE IN GIANT BIO-SHIPS -- THE HIVE FLEET
" IT IS THE TYRANID SWARM, SPANNING CONTINENTS BILLIONS OF KILLER ORGANISMS, EACH A SINGLE CELL THAT MAKES UP THE GREAT DEVOURER.
LIVING DEATH
" IN A PLANET RIPE FOR THE TAKING THE SWARM WILL TAKE EVERYTHING. ALL LIFE IS OVERRUN AND BROKEN DOWN TO THE MOLECULAR LEVEL. THE DNA IS THEN ABSORBED INTO THE HIVE'S GENETIC MIX, SO MAKING THE TYRANID RACE EVER STRONGER.
" IT ENDS WITH THE DRAINING OF THE PLANET'S SEAS AND ATMOSPHERE. A WORLD REDUCED TO PRIMORDIAL SLUDGE. "
BUT THAT IS FOR THE FUTURE. ASTROPATHS HAVE CONFIRMED THE KEENING CALL HAS BEEN SENT, BUT THE HIVE FLEET IS STILL...
...TEN YEARS AWAY.
WE WILL GROW STRONG. MAKE OURSELVES READY FOR THE GODHEAD! WE WILL DANCE ON THE BONES OF OUR ENEMIES! WE WILL REJOICE!
YES, I SUPPOSE YOU WILL.
EXCEPT YOU HAVE THE MARK OF THE CORRUPTION ON YOU. YOUR BODY WILL MUTATE, YOUR ORGANS WILL ATROPHY.
YOU WILL DIE A REASSURINGLY AGONISING DEATH--
TEN YEARS BEFORE SCHEDULE.
mmmf
BUT I FEAR I HAVE SAID TOO MUCH
AND I CAN'T HAVE YOU TELLING TALES.

OPS ROOM.
KEILOR...
NEARLY THERE
TAP TAP TAP
THERE - CODEX DECRYPTED
THIS IS... THE FACE OF TECH-PRIEST PAVANE FROM 70 YEARS AGO. THERE IS SOME ARCHIVE FOOTAGE
PAVANE
THE COVER SCENARIO - THE THREAT OF A MASS OUTBREAK OF DEADLY UHLREN'S POX WAS DEVISED IN ADVANCE OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST GENESTEALER
THE VACCINATION IN FACT INTRODUCES A LATENT DNA TRIGGER INTO THE PAVIAN POPULATION
OBSERVE THE REACTION TO THE AURAL CALL OF THE TYRANID SWARM-
KREEEEEEE
THE RESPONSE AN ONGOING PLANETARY AND LUNAR WIDE VACCINATION PROGRAM
GET TO THE POINT.
IF DNA IS THE LIFEBLOOD OF THE TYRANID ..
...SHOULD WE NOT POISON THE SUPPLY?
NEXT BALANCES OF POWER

GRIMM

Dear Warhammer Monthly,

#70 editorial: Feeling unloved, Mr Oum? I'm sure all those Bloodquest letters helped. For me, anyway, the epic storyline was an experience. Cinematic throughout and it had a lot of oomph to it. The end of a legend.

Titan: Titan is back! Imagine the childlike grin of glee spreading across my face. It has a very satisfying start and it gets straight into action. The crew are finding each other one-by-one, but where is Dictatio? And Hekate? And will we find out if Dorn has a mouth?

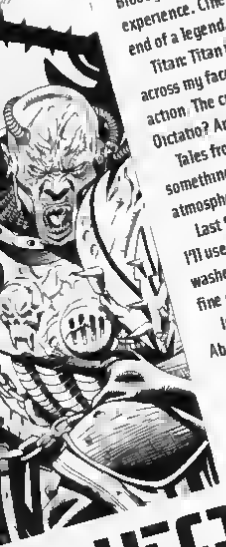
Tales from the Ten-Tailed Cat. Now that's dark fantasy. Gives you something of a creepy feeling. The art is full of character and atmospheric.

Last Stand on Yayor: Have I used the word 'cinematic' already? Well, I'll use it again. 'Cinematic'. I've only ever seen Karl's art when it's grey-washed and photoshopped, so I was very impressed with the extremely fine detail and hatching in his plain-ink work. It's coupled to a great starting episode.

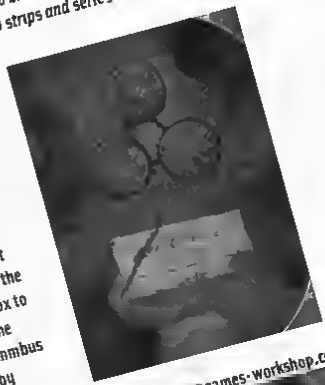
Info-dump (#70): Is it just me, or is there an eerie similarity between Liliaha Falcone and Dan Abnett there? I think it's the shape of the chin, and that slight, knowing smile.

Verms

Aww, shucks, Verms, you are too kind! Well we do our best here to bring you all lots of action and excitement, and the new look comic heralds a whole host of new strips and series: Hellbrandt, Daemonfuge, Titan, and lots more! Keep your eyes open!



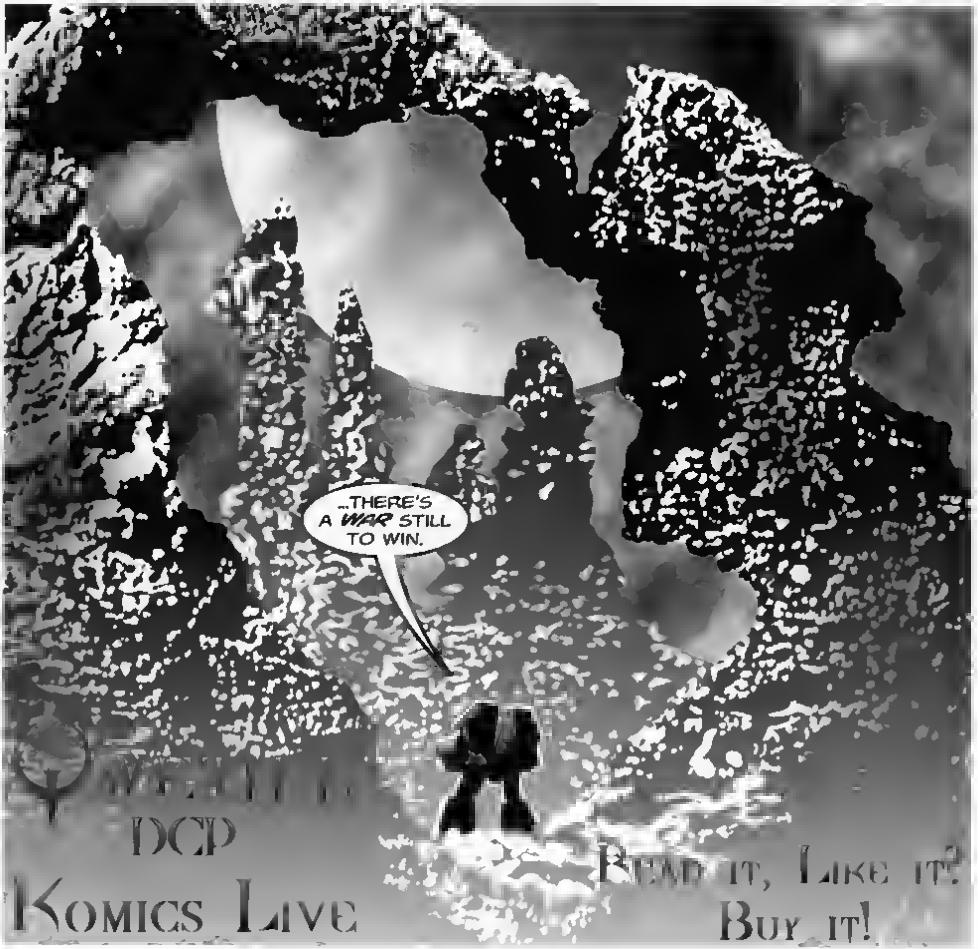
INFO DUMP



● IT'S GRIMM UP NORTH. Work is about to commence on book three of **Hellbrandt Grimm**, which will see our hero venture into the frozen wastes of Kislev. **Mitchel Scanlon** is frantically scribbling away but the **Sharp Brothers** have already delivered the cover to go alongside the explosive debut episode. ● UTTER ROT. With the first two **Liber Chaotica** volumes selling out in both regular and special edition versions, you'll want to make sure that you don't miss out on **Liber Chaotica: Nurgle**. Here's the cover to the regular edition but be sure to look out for the gel (or should that be slime?) pack cover limited edition that comes sealed in a wooden box to avoid contamination of the masses! ● TRIPLE THREAT TREAT. The first three volumes of the best-selling **Gaunt's Ghosts** and **Gotrek & Felix** series are to be collated into hardcover ommbus editions this October. Get them while they last from your local Games Workshop or hobby retailer. ● THAT'S IT FOR THIS MONTH. ISSUE 73 ON SALE 18th SEPTEMBER.

● WRITE TO: Warhammer Monthly, The Black Library, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham NG7 2WS, ● EMAIL: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

NEXT ISSUE
RELEASE
THE FREAK!
KAL JERICO IN MORTAL COMBAT


...THERE'S A WAR STILL TO WIN.
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